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Command (My Magnificat)

Grace Thornsby
Cedarville University

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Command (My Magnificat)

Grace Thornsby

"For he who is mighty has done great things for me..." Luke 1:49

I am not fated to say the fates cannot touch me.
I make no claim to heartbrokenness as a destiny,
but claim it instead as a gift. I walk decidedly-
love before, peace behind.

My steps are an even-paced stumbling:
discovering intention woven in saturated atoms.
I see creatures in the silhouettes of trees-
I lose words, I search desperately.

I see a weeping man in the clouds
stretched sidelong by the wind, arms like wings-
he shares with me. Undeserving, I look away.

Mine is a tentative claim, to a tongue tamed,
my heart swept and unafraid-
this is bloody, not dazzling or star-crossed,
but planned and submitted to.

I look the paintedness in the eyes
and write it down. Between the lines,
I beg you to find me behind the wallpaper.

I shrink before the massiveness
of every ruined backroad,
every backyard-burned marshmallow.

Here is something molten and precious-
in my hands, given, like a command.
So my mind burns like golden parchment,
and I make ink of the charcoal.